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DARTMOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY

BY THE
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The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

In accordance with college custom, the magazine will be sent to each student. Those wishing to discontinue it will please notify the business manager.

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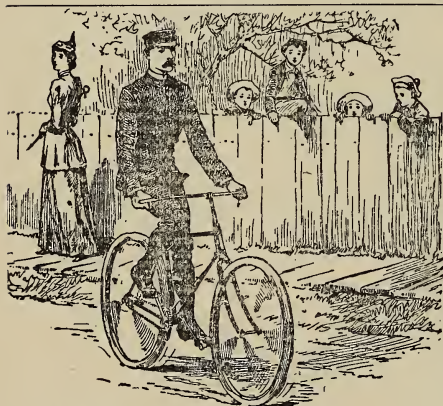
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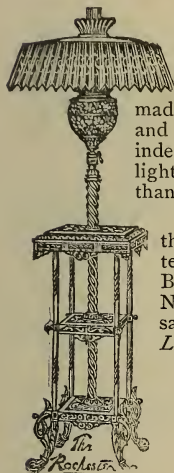
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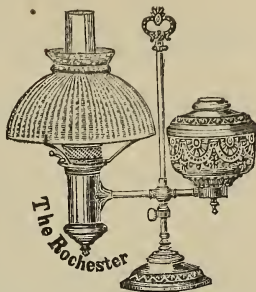
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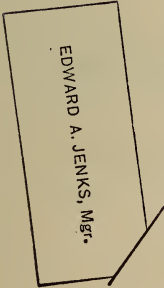
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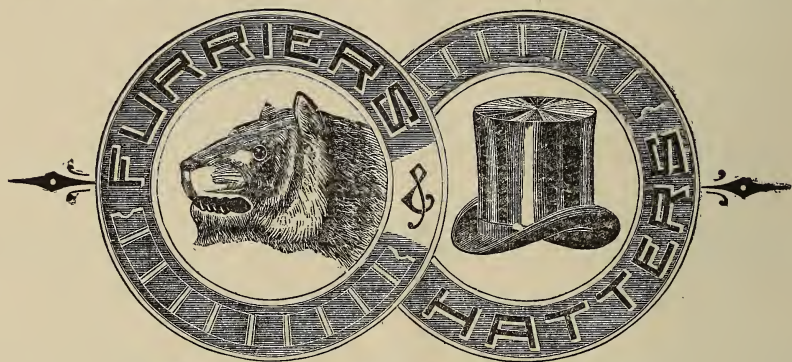
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Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 7.

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MEMPHREMAGOG IN WINTER.

O lake, so calm, so beautifully still,
Stretching for miles on miles thy level, snow-strewn floor!
Lives there a soul so dull as feels no thrill
When Luna bathes with light thy forest-skirted shore?

Silent thy waters sleep o'er silver sands,
Empress of all our lakes, thou jewelled diadem,
Joining the green hills of two alien lands,
Of each alike the richest, fairest, purest gem.

Oft have I seen thee 'neath the summer's sun
Rolling thy tossing miles of white-caps to and fro,
While from the hillsides plaintive streamlets run
To find within thy ample breast surcease of woe.

Oft have I seen the fogs of autumn pour
Down from Canadian hills black battle-lines of rain,
While driving mists shut in the farther shore,
Where threatening Owl's Head looms majestic from the plain.

Changeful thy moods, as e'en the sunset's glow
When the red orb in watery ocean slow is lost;
Yet ne'er so beautiful, so grand as now,
Locked in the icy fetters of the winter's frost.

B. A. Smalley.

FRENCH FORMS IN ENGLISH VERSE.

In seeking for the origin of those forms of versification which furnish a setting for so much of the English learning and frivolity of to-day, one is struck with the curious fact that the English literature itself cannot claim a single native form.

In the more common of these forms there are but two countries represented—Italy and France. For more than three hundred years the Italian sonnet was the only representative of foreign forms of verse which the English-speaking peoples were willing to adopt.

Strange as it may seem, it is only within the last twenty years that the ballade, rondeau, rondel, villanelle, chant-royal, and the various other French forms have found their way from the dainty and intricate rhyming of trouvères and troubadours to the verse of Dobson and Gosse.

It was the troubadours, or the poets of the south of France, writing in the *langue d'Oc*, who first arranged their love-songs and lyrics into the artificial forms which furnish us, in their matured state, with the modern forms. To the Northern French poets, the trouvères, who wrote in the *langue d'Oïl*, we owe the development of these forms, and the fixing of them in the French literature of the time. These forms, like literature itself, are the result of centuries of development, and were not, as is often supposed, received entire from the hands of the troubadours.

The poetry of these “finders,” as they were called, marks the second period of Provençal literature, which extends through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Among the names of the more than four hundred troubadours, whose songs we have recorded, how few there are whose lives have lived with their works! Guillaume de Cabestan, Pierre Vidal, and the Monk of Montaudon are all forgotten; but the songs of Richard Coeur de Lion and of Charles d'Orleans are still sung, though unwittingly, in the snatches of our love-songs.

The time which could give birth to such a volume of triolets, kyrielles, and virelais must have been, to the poets at least, truly idyllic. It was an age when art, and especially that of song, was

at its height. Whoever sang his momentary moods of love or hate in delicate rhymes or rhythms was sure of receiving the applause of all Provence. It was a time when sentiment and love were the only subjects of public debate, as well as of national song. Mr. Lowell, in "My Study Windows," says,—“Their poetry was purely lyric, in its most narrow sense. We are deafened and confused by a hundred minstrels singing the same song at once.”

Through the centuries immediately following the singing of the troubadours, the various forms, of which they furnished only the nucleus, assumed more exact arrangement, yet did not become fully established till the time of Charles d'Orleans and François Villon, in the fifteenth century. Villon, who was the "Prince of Ballade Makers," wrote occasionally in the rondeau and other forms, and to-day France is paying him tardy honors as her most famous poet. The ballades of Villon are as alive and modern, after the lapse of four hundred years, as the most realistic of the present time.

Take, for example, his "Ballade of Things Known and Unknown," beginning, in Payne's translation,—

“Flies in the milk I know full well:
I know men by the clothes they wear:
I know the walnut by the shell:
I know the foul sky from the fair.”

There is a subtle and half hidden humor flowing through it, which contrasts strikingly with the refrain,

“I know all save myself alone.”

It was only under the influence of the vigor and vitality of the early verse of Victor Hugo, that French thought began to invent other forms, and to fill again the old with new life. Daudet and De Banville soon found a voice for their love-songs in these old forms, and the French literature was again flooded with ballades and villanelles. Although the Norman Conquest brought with it something of that spirit which inspired the early writers, and created a stray ballade and rondeau in the poetry of Chaucer and

Gower, yet it was not till 1873, or even later, that these French forms began to be found in our English literature to any extent.

To Andrew Lang is due the honor of first opening to the English world the wealth of beauty and rhythm which lies in those fourteenth-century forms. Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and W. E. Henley began simultaneously to adapt their arbitrary rules to English conditions. To Dobson is assigned the first ballade, to Gosse the first villanelle and chant-royal, and to Bridges the first triolet. None of these forms have been so freely employed, and none lend themselves so naturally to the fancies of the English language, as the ballade. The *raison d'être* of this form, as well as most of the others, is in the adroit use of the refrain—not so much in its repetition as in the turning of its point at each return, so as to make it always welcome.

Nowhere can one catch the breath of the ballade as in Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme," and in Andrew Lang's "XXXII Ballades in Blue China." Probably all are familiar with his dainty "Ballade to a Baby," in which he

"—paints the mountains blue,
And Rachel always fair."

The length of the ballade—usually of twenty-eight or thirty-five lines—in contrast with the sonnet and triolet, gives opportunity for play of the fancy, and at the same time prevents that diffuseness of the old-fashioned rhyming couplet, which runs on indefinitely.

Any poem which has in its closing lines a repetition of its first, has been inaccurately called a rondeau. The most striking example is this beautiful stanza of Leigh Hunt's:

"Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets upon your list, put that in:
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I 'm growing old; but add—
Jennie kissed me!"

The true form of the rondeau, however, is seen in Dobson's "You Bid Me Try," in which he describes and exemplifies at the same time. Much like the rondeau and triolet, in the repetition of the refrain, are the rondels and roundels. Among the more difficult and less used forms are the chant-royal, sestina, and pantoum. The latter cannot be said to be a true French form, for, although it came to us through them, they themselves adapted it from an old Malayan form. It is only to such poets and versifiers as Swinburne, Dobson, and Gosse, and in America, to Bunner, Sherman, and Scollard, that these more complicated forms reveal their true strength and meaning from among their medley of refrains and rhythms.

The question of the place which these forms hold in the English literature of the day is a most difficult one. That they, in their perfection, demand all the elegance, clearness, and faultless rhythm of true poetry, cannot be denied; but there is a tendency to depend altogether on the form, and give "only paste brilliants in diamond settings."

It often happens that a great poet is not a good versifier; and, on the contrary, the greatest versifiers are among our lesser poets. The immense popularity of these forms is strikingly shown in the reception of Swinburne's "Century of Roundels," which is devoted entirely to this one form. In America, even more than in England, these forms have found a footing. There is something in these "Gallic bonds" which seems to attract and to adapt to them the light and amorous thought of our "younger schools." As at the present day the *vers de société* are accepted as the most natural offspring of the time, so these forms are but a mirror of modern life in their light and lyric character.

The fear that we are on the brink where "sense gives way to sound" is not without foundation. Yet it is the English language which is to raise these forms from a mere *jeu d'esprit* to a setting for the brightest gems of true poetry, rather than that it should be drawn down to them.

As we are still only in the formative period, the coming century alone can tell which of these forms will survive the severe test to

which the English writers are putting them. Doubtless other forms will arise, soon to be forgotten, yet it is certain that the memory of the troubadours will, in many of these old forms, live on and on, carrying through all time their freshness and wealth of fancy.

Edwin O. Grover.

AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

(From the German of Matthison.)

A golden flood
Lights up the wood.
Soft a magic shimmer falls
O'er the ruined castle walls.

The glowing sea
Sleeps peacefully.
The graceful swan no gentler floats
Than homeward glide the fisher-boats.

The silver sand
Gleams on the strand.
Bright clouds here, and paler there,
Are mirrored on the waters fair.

A waving moor,
All lighted o'er,
Crowns yon hill, above whose height
Swarm the sea-birds on their flight.

Enchanting spell!
Within the dell
Gleams, 'mid garden, leaf, and well,
The moss-surrounded cloister cell.

Now sinks the glow
The waves below;
Evening glories light the sky
Over Waldburg's ruins high.

With Luna's light
The woods are bright.
In the vale, weird whispers breathe
O'er the hero's grave beneath.

A. O. Caswell.

IN DEVIL RAPIDS.

The iron foundry's deep bass whistle chimed with the sharp, shrill scream from the furniture-shop, and half a dozen bells, upon as many mills, joined in a jangling discord. It was noon. The great doors of the old stone mill swung open, and the operatives poured out in picturesque confusion. Carl Chesley, sauntering by, gazed at them idly, as old acquaintances. Around the stoves in the village stores he had heard the men tell vivid tales of Galway, Lancashire, and Quebec; many of the boys had been his boon companions in grammar-school days, and all the prettiest of the girls had danced with him at Knights of Labor balls, and skated with him at the roller-rink. The mill people liked Carl, because he was good-natured, generous, and "one of the boys." He liked them for the fresh roughness of their ways, for their simple honesty, and for their picturesque, though not over clean, life and language.

To-day he perceived a new group in the hurrying crowd—an old Irishman, bent and wrinkled and gray, and a young girl, evidently his daughter. Her fresh, blonde beauty showed the more vividly in contrast with the withered countenance of her companion, and stirred even Carl Chesley from his self-satisfied languor. Kittie Manning was a perfect type of those handsome Irish girls whom travellers delight to picture on their native heaths. Erect and graceful, she tingled from head to foot with a passionate love of life, whose intensity even New England cotton-mills could not subdue. Her tawny eyes, veiled with long lashes, hid in their slumberous depths an ardor which made her old father, seamed and scarred with worldly experience, tremble at times with apprehension.

A glance from those eyes, just the least suspicion of a smile, a flutter of auburn curls in the wind,—and Carl was landed high and dry. A certain little white cottage down in "the bog" soon came to have more attractions for him than all the fine residences on "the hill." Days, weeks, and months went by, and his intimacy with Kittie greatly increased, until—as he ruefully admitted to himself at times—it had passed far beyond the bounds of the

warmest friendship. Manning *père*, suspicious and decidedly reserved at first, could not help liking the frank, open-hearted young fellow, who listened with such apparent interest to his recital of Erin's woes, and finally ended by surrendering his heart to him as unreservedly as Kittie had already done. Those were happy days for Carl and Kittie. On the beautiful summer evenings, when that wonderful magician, the man in the moon, had transformed even prosaic Rosedale into fairyland with her silver beams, they rode or strolled together, and told each other how fair the world was and what a joy it was just to be alive.

The destroyer of their happiness was that same old, hoary-headed serpent, gossip, who has crawled into so many thousand Edens since the days of Adam and Eve. The old maids and chronic loafers of the village found the pair of young innocents fit subjects of conversation. Their whisperings became so frequent and loud that they penetrated even to the Russia-leather respectability of the Honorable Robert Chesley's private law office. With that gentleman, what could be done in ten minutes of to-day was never put off till to-morrow, so his promising son and heir was immediately summoned.

"Carl," said his father, "you have been out of college a year now, and, so far as I can see, have done nothing but amuse yourself. You must by this time be sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of study to go to work."

Carl winced at the sarcasm, and would have replied, but the old gentleman motioned him to keep silent.

"I have secured a place for you," he continued, "with my old friend Norman, in New York. You can be a rich man in ten years—and Norman has two very attractive daughters. One thing more, and you may go. I have heard some peculiar stories concerning you and a woman named Madden or Manning, or something of that sort. I do not believe them all, of course; but if there is anything between you it must stop at once. I don't wish a son of mine disgraced in any such way as that. That's all I have to say. Norman expects you in New York next Monday."

The younger Chesley had many good points, but firmness of

character was not one of them, and before the stern decision of his father's words he weakly bent.

That night he met Kittie—for the last time, he told himself—and they strolled together to a favorite resort of theirs, the bridge that spans the Merrimack just above Devil rapids. There he told her of his father's plans for him, not sparing even the words that related to her.

"And what will you do?" she asked.

"What can I do but yield?" he replied.

"If you loved me as you say, you would not ask that," she answered quietly; but in a moment he felt her whole body, nestling close to him, shake with pitiful, noiseless sobs.

When she could control herself again, she threw her arms around his neck and begged him to disobey his father.

"Tell him of our love," she said, "and perhaps he will relent. He would n't ruin both our lives."

"Oh, yes, he would," Carl mournfully replied. "Rather than be baffled in his purpose he would willingly see us both under ground."

The girl's face grew drawn and haggard, and her eyes glowed with a baleful fire. "Good-bye, then!" she cried, and slipping from his embrace, before he could realize it she had leaped upon the guard-rail of the bridge. He caught and held her with all the strength of his trained muscles, but she fought desperately. The rotten planking swayed, bent, and broke. The swirling current took their bodies, tossed them upon its foaming crests until their white faces stared glassily at the starry sky, then laid them away to a long rest in a cavern under a great ledge.

To-day, old Mike Manning, gone to the bad with the drink, and the Honorable Robert Chesley, colder, sterner, prouder than ever, gaze pityingly at each other as they pass; for each knows that the other's heart is dead,—buried among the black rocks and smoking spray in Devil rapids.

H. C. Pearson.

FLAME FANCIES.

When the last faint glow of sunset
Fades behind the western hills,
And the holy calm of evening
All th' expanse of nature fills ;

When the dusk of coming twilight
Pencils, on the polished floor,
Lengthening shadows, ever darkening,
Telling that the day is o'er,—

Then, before the yawning fire-place,
On a bear-skin stretched, I lie,
Dreaming dreams and seeing visions,
As the hours unheeded fly.

Heaped upon the polished andirons,
Drift-wood, gathered from the sands,
Paints, in sparkling coruscations,
Storied scenes in foreign lands.

Myriad sparks troop upward, flaunting
Broad flame-pennons, wild and free ;
While, without, the pine-trees answer,
From the bluff, the sobbing sea.

As the flamelets dance and flicker,
Up the swelling chimney rolls
Wreathing smoke, that frames fantastic
Faces in the glowing coals—

Forms and figures without number,
Fairies, fays,—an endless train,—
Gnomes, and goblins fit to people
Castles built in farthest Spain.

As I watched the pictured faces,
Changing then before my eyes,
Melting into one another
Like the tints in evening skies,

All my soul within me started,
For, within the coals' red glow,
Gleamed and flickered in the firelight
Features loved once—long ago.

Ah! what memories, cherished, sacred,
Thronged upon me, thick and fast,
From the grim, mysterious portal
That we mortals call the past!

Was it real, or was it fancy?
Did I see, or seem to see,
From the red depths of the fire-place,
Fairy fingers beckon me?

Breathlessly intent, I watched it,
Outlined there in ruddy light,
Till the crash of falling embers
Shut it rudely from my sight.

Long and silently I waited,
Hoping that my earnest gaze
Might once more behold the vision,
Calling back those by-gone days.

But no more the coals were peopled,
Though my vigil long I kept;
And at last, before the hearth-stone,
Care was banished, and I slept.

* * * * *

When the cold, gray fogs of morning
Stole like spectres through the air,
Touched with clammy hands my forehead,
Leaving misty traces there,

Slow I roused me from my slumbers,
Rose the great sun from the sea;
But, though mists and vapors vanished,
Still the wraiths o'ershadowed me.

Dead the evening's glowing embers,
In my heart the old wound's pain;
Vanished all my phantom fancies,
Ashes on the hearth remain.

B. A. Smalley.

AN EARLY VISITOR.

While the snow-drifts still cower for protection in the shadow of the stone ramparts of the New England fields, at that time half Nova Zembla half Florida in its climate that comes in early April, a richly garmented, graceful creature flits through the sun-kissedingles, and darts hither and yon through the hospitable wood-paths which the breath of coming summer makes warm and pleasant.

It is the Vannessa Antiope, or Antiopa butterfly; not a native of America, for all he flies so confidently, but an emigrant,—and more, an invader,—in fact, a camp-follower of the first sturdy settlers who planted the wilderness whose blossoms support him in his aimless pilgrimages.

Perhaps it is his early military training that makes him wheel and turn by squadron and company about the elms and willows in the slow and stately movements so dear to the stuffy old continental generals; and perhaps dim memories of substantial citizens and burghers, walking in the fields of a Sunday afternoon years ago across the sea, have made him so well content with his sober but elegant costume of brown velvet trimmed with yellow.

These butterflies are companionable and hospitable, and will permit many liberties to a stranger, if decently well bred, in their sunny haunts, flying lazily about his head or lighting on some fresh-fallen tree hard by. So they used to fly about fields, haunting Linnaeus, telling him many secrets in return for the name he had given them; and so they paid many a visit to letter-writing White of Lebourne, among the English lanes and meadows, where, with their new title of Camberwell Beauties, they floated over hedge and stream; but from Izaak Walton, with his rod and line and glancing eyes, ever roving on this side or that for winged beings for his hook, they must have kept apart, in spite of his declaration that, “he and he only possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, with what the good God has allotted him.” They must have seen the guests of the Tabard inn riding on their way, when

“—Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,”

and have drawn near to Thomas of Ercildoune as he listened under the trees to the woods ringing with the song of jay and thristle by the banks of Huntley ; but, in spite of their close acquaintanceship with so many poets, only Wilson has remembered them in verse, and he only by a line, and that in a poem dedicated to their enemies the bluebirds.

Early in June, when the foliage is most beautiful, the elms that overhang the city streets, and the poplars and willows of the country roadsides, are alive with their caterpillars, who with their black bodies and threatening heads seem quite formidable, and have been thought in times past to be poisonous, but are really quite harmless to everything save the greenery of our most beautiful shade-trees, which they destroy most heartlessly.

The chrysales are dark brown, with tawny spots and tinted tubercles on the back. From these the first brood of butterflies emerges in July, while another swarm of caterpillars, like Mtesa's army, "eats up the land" in August. It is from these that our friends of the spring come into being ; for, breaking from their chrysales late in the fall, they fly about for a few days seeking winter quarters, and finally settle in some secluded place to await the coming of warmer times. Great numbers of them take shelter beneath the eaves of country barns, and in the first sunny days that feel like summer may be seen slowly folding and unfolding their beautiful wings, as though trying to relieve the cramped positions of their long nap. Although alluded to as gathering in numbers, it is only on their first appearance that they so do,—that is, to any great extent ; for as the season opens they leave their first restricted gathering-places, and one by one fly out on voyages of discovery.

They are everywhere in New England, in city and country, by seashore and mountain, even taking their flight over the massive shoulders of Mount Washington to pay a visit to, or at least come within calling-distance of, the mountain butterflies exiled in the Alpine meadows that skirt the Crawford bridle-path.

After the season has become well advanced, when swarms of "skippers" dart through the underbrush, and clouds of blue and tiny butterflies reflect the June sky as they crowd the country

roads, and the tawny Princeton colors of Vennessa Milberti vie with the Papilia Asterias, "apparelled in magnificent attire" and certainly attended by as splendid a retinue as that of old that wound its way among the Italian cities, the Antiopas lose their conspicuousness; but, first to come and last to go, accepting with the adaptiveness of the cosmopoliton the new conditions of their surroundings, and seeming to bear about them all the secret legends of the fields, they are among the most interesting inhabitants of the secret places of the spring.

M. P. T.

CRAZY JOE.

"You see that young fellow down there fooling with the brake on that freight-car, do you? Well, he's one of the characters you'll be apt to get acquainted with if you travel on this road much."

The speaker was an old "drummer" for a well known firm, who was showing me over the route, and giving me points on the business which he was soon to quit and I to enter. We stood on the platform of a small depot on the A. & A. road, about fifty miles from C——, waiting for the 5 o'clock train to take us into the city.

"Yes," he continued, "they call him 'Crazy Joe.' What his real name is I've never taken the pains to inquire, but he's the queerest fellow that you ever set eyes on. Most people 'round here think he's either crazy or foolish, or else a happy combination of both. I'm inclined to think there is still a third ingredient in his make-up, and that, pure devilishness. For the last six years I have been here on an average once in about three weeks, and scarcely once have I failed to see him hanging about here in the same inquisitive, mysterious manner. He lives over there about a mile on a farm, but, whether he runs away or comes to the village on an errand, he is sure to be here at train-time.

"About a year ago he got into a trouble with the boys up-town that came nigh proving serious. He was so kind of green and farmer-like, you know, that they used to stop him and bother him so, at times, asking him all manner of questions and pretending

to be interested in his welfare, that he would n't get down here in time to see the train. Well, I do n't blame him much for getting mad, as he did on that occasion. It was not the first time he had been pestered, and he was ready for his tormentors. Suddenly drawing a revolver from his pocket, he discharged it. No one was hit, but in less time than I'm telling it there was n't a boy of 'em in sight. There was considerable lively comment on the affair here at the time, but his father 'fixed it up' someway, and he was saved a term in the reform school, which, by the way, he ought to have had. But it is needless to say that he never afterward was troubled by the 'village boys,' and I understand that now he always carries his revolver. Queer? Yes; he seems to have almost a mania for a train of cars, and an engine in particular. As soon as the train stops you will see him fix his eyes upon it, follow it as it starts and backs, apparently studying its workings in each detail with all intentness. The engineers used to take him on with them while switching, and would occasionally let him ride down to a little flag-station about two miles below, leaving him to walk back. But since his shooting affair they have become distrustful of him, and he has not been allowed to board the train at all. Once in a while, however, he steals a ride on the cow-catcher; and again, failing to do that, he catches on wherever he can just as the train is starting out, so that they are obliged to stop, quite often, at the next station to put off this unwelcome patron—so often, indeed, that it is commonly known as 'Crazy Joe's station.'"

This was the queer story to which I listened, observing all the time the lad's strange manœuvres. "But here's the train," said I, and, picking up our baggage, we boarded and were quickly on our way. His face, I confess, haunted me for a little, but we began to "talk shop," and then all else was forgotten.

It was in the spring-time, after heavy rains; the road was in a bad condition, and orders had been given to run all trains on slow time. The train was already half an hour late, and we were speculating as to what time we should arrive in C—. "We did n't stop at 'Crazy Joe's station' this time," my fellow-traveller

remarked as we passed it. Just then a nervous old man, who sat behind, punched me and said,—“Are n't we going rather fast?” Thinking it was meant for a joke, I remarked, “Oh, I guess we'll get there sometime.” A moment later, as he repeated the question, I noticed a look of deep concern on his face. Others, too, began to make similar queries. We were surely going at high speed. I composed myself, however, thinking all was regular. But the passengers were evidently frightened; they sat firmly braced in their seats, tightly gripping the back before and behind them, casting anxious eyes at each other and at the rapidly retreating landscape without, endeavoring to imagine the reason for this lightning speed over the rough road and down the steep grade, and, withal, frightening each other by their mutual fear. I looked into the eyes of my senior drummer. He, too, appeared concerned. The train sped on at a wild rate. The wheels rattled, the engine puffed threatening groans, the windows shook, and, at times, one side would jump from the track, with the simultaneous shrieks of the frightened passengers, and, swerving again to the other side, rushed down the grade at an ungovernable rate. Soon the car-door flew open, and in came a brakeman who, at the risk of his life, had crossed from the car ahead to warn us of our danger. He could scarcely recover his breath, but when he did so, he said as best he could, “The engineer has become madly insane. With a heated iron he has driven the fireman from his duty, and, keeping him at bay, he is feeding the fire and raising the steam every minute. Unless the engineer stops his mad freak, or can be overpowered, within ten minutes every soul of us will be in eternity. Ahead about ten miles is that terrible Bog River bend, which we cannot possibly turn at this speed. Any method of getting the engineer out of the way will be used; but the few men who are up front, with their lives in their hands, hurling coal and all sorts of missiles at him, have thus far been unable to drive him from his position.” The door came open again with a crash, and a thundering voice called out, “*Is there a revolver in the crowd?*” Not a voice responded, but all knew its meaning. “We are now,” it said, “within five minutes of Bog River bend. The

engineer must die, or all on board this train. It may now be too late to prevent her from jumping the track." Every one of us was overcome with fear. Brawny men were gritting their teeth and staring wildly, as if in the face of death. Frail ladies were swooning, children crying aloud, and mothers imploring divine aid, while the train leaped, dashed, and rocked.

A young fellow, who had been in one of the front cars, rushed forward and sprang to the tender. Making sure his hold with one hand, he aimed and fired with the other. The engineer fell back senseless, and in an instant the lad was in his place. An indescribable sense of relief was experienced by all as the speed sensibly slackened—the danger was over. Lips that a moment ago were imploring and beseeching were now giving thanks. But whom should they praise for their safety? None other than "Crazy Joe," for he was at the engine, managing it with masterly skill. He it was who possessed the weapon, and did the fatal but necessary work. The train stopped at the next station, an engineer was taken on, and the city reached that night in safety and ahead of time. A handsome purse was "Joe's," and after three months' apprenticeship he was made the engineer of the train he had so bravely saved.

John H. Bartlett.

PYTHIAS.

I long to find one soul akin to mine,
 One heart so like mine own that it would see
 With pitying eyes my soul's infirmity,
 And show for it some sympathetic sign;
 One heart where I, as to a votive shrine,
 Might bring my toils and victories trustingly,
 And know that there was ever place for me—
 For triumph, joy; for wounds, love's oil and wine.
 I yearn to know the rapture that would grow,
 As years made holier our sweet, common way;
 To brave together life's wide, beating sea,
 Undaunted by whatever wind might blow,
 And then, as darkness closes on the day,
 To pass, through death, to love's eternity.

Ozora S. Davis.

THE CHAIR.

An article concerning the Willard professorship, which appeared in this department of the March issue, has caused some comment, favorable as well as unfavorable. "The college might have added to the fund, and thus have made the income available," is a statement that needs qualifying. The facts are these: The will provides that none of the income shall be used until sufficient to endow a professorship in full. The income was at one time available, and sufficient to pay a professor's salary, but several thousand dollars of the fund have temporarily ceased to bear interest. To what extent the trustees are culpable is, perhaps, a matter of judgment. At any rate, the income at present is insufficient, and the endowment of the professorship impossible.

That the oratorical instruction is inadequate to the needs of any college, is painfully evident to all. With the exception of the prize and commencement speakers, not a man is developed oratorically; and were it not for the opportunities offered by the several societies, men would graduate from Dartmouth poorer speakers than when they entered. Under such conditions even the prize-speaking has positive evils. The three men chosen in Sophomore year make a happy hit, or possess a temporary advantage. But with a course of instruction which trained all instead of the lucky few only, it by no means follows that these men, whom fortune and the judges favor, would have a "cinch" on subsequent competitions, as they now do. He who has been once chosen, whether a speaker of more than mediocre ability or not, has a great advantage over the untrained man. As a result, the question, What is the use in my competing? is a common one. Little interest is taken in the competition itself after Sophomore year, and less in who is chosen.

That the college authorities are responsible for this lamentable state of affairs it is useless to deny. If for any reason the professor cannot be engaged, yet an instructor might have been. It would not be a difficult task to engage a man, at a tutor's salary, who, though unable to sport a degree or talk very intelligently of Plato's philosophy, could give good instruction in elocution. Of course such a man would be engaged only temporarily. If it be objected that the college has not funds enough at its command to warrant even this expense, a question might be raised as to the best use of what funds it has. An assistant professorship in German and logic was created last year. Whether extra instruction in these branches is needed more than in oratory, is hardly a debatable question.

Unprecedented as it may seem, an instructor in oratory has been engaged for the present year, and some very good work he is doing, too. The trouble with this arrangement is, that he is in town only a small part of the time, and when here is in a great hurry to get away. When instruction is most needed, as for two or three weeks before competitive prize-speaking, none is to be had. Under such circumstances no systematic instruction can be given, and without which success is impossible. No one is more sensible of this than the instructor himself.

Not doing to-day what can possibly be done to-morrow, has sent class after class from Dartmouth with practically no oratorical instruction. Talk of what we will do when the tide changes has a charm to soothe the ear, but as a trainer of public speakers it is a miserable failure.

Other departments can be spoken of as good or better, but the department of oratory does not admit of comparison, for such a department does not exist. The work of the Professor in English cannot be severely criticised, so far as it goes. He does not profess to be a teacher in oratory; and, besides, the duties of his own department are engrossing. English has become so important a part of the college curriculum that no man, however versatile, should be asked to divide his time.

We repeat what was said last month. Could an expression of opinion be given by Dartmouth graduates of the last ten years, Hon. J. W. Patterson would be elected Professor of Oratory by a vote practically unanimous. His reputation and surpassing ability as a public speaker have won the admiration of all who know him. Just why the chair should have been offered to one man and as good as offered to another, both Mr. Patterson's inferiors by a deal, and Mr. Patterson's election not have been seriously considered, is one of the anomalies unexplained. When the Willard fund again becomes available, no doubt the trustees will see the desirability of electing Mr. Patterson to the position he is sure to fill with distinguished ability.

Dr. Tucker's refusal to accept the presidency of the college was received with surprise and regret. His acceptance was considered a matter of course, and Dartmouth men, students and alumni, were looking forward to an era of harmony and progress. It is to be lamented that, from Dr. Tucker's point of view, Andover affords a wider field for usefulness than Hanover. At Dartmouth he would influence young men entering all the walks of life; at the seminary he moulds Congregational clergymen. The one is general, the other a specialty. Nor ought the specialty to be lightly considered. The hope of the church is in her young men, and whether her creed be narrow or broad depends on the training of her ministers; for if bigotry and foolishness are taught in the pulpit, how can we look for charity in the pew? Dr. Tucker is engaged in a great work, and one that is far-reaching in its results.

Meanwhile, Who is to succeed President Bartlett? is unanswered. We feel that the trustees should proceed cautiously. This high office is not often vacant, and calls not only for a man of strong character and ripe scholarship, but for one who, as far as may be, is approved by the alumni. Let the alumni from all parts of the country speak, and let their voice be given weight.

If they are to take a lively interest in the concerns of the college, they must be given large influence in the management.

Hon. A. W. Tenney '59 will speak in the Alumni lecture course on the evening of April 22. His subject will be "The Passion Play as I saw it." Mr. Tenney is not only an entertaining speaker, but a real orator, and will, no doubt, draw a full house. The lecture given here by Mr. Tenney, a little over a year ago, was highly enjoyed; as much so, perhaps, as any lecture recently given in the Alumni course.

Were Dartmouth students allowed freedom of choice, were they held responsible for deportment in this as in other respects, were they regarded as young men mature enough to defy the guardian, compulsory church attendance would be a thing of the past. Unlike many other regulations, this wholly ignores the preferences of the student-body, and is maintained in the face of outspoken opposition. A few of the reasons why attendance should cease to be compulsory are these: The average student, being eighteen or nineteen years old on entering college, is old enough to regulate his own church attendance, if old enough to be his own man in any respect. Even morality cannot be inculcated by compulsion, much less religion. The student who attends church against his will derives no benefit himself, and his presence is often a positive injury to others. What time he is not asleep, too often he tries very hard to appear "tough" or to seem "funny," to his own great amusement and to the disgust of all respectable people within ear-shot. Then, notwithstanding the requirement, a man with a fertile imagination and an elastic conscience need not attend church oftener than is convenient. The several class officers accept excuses for absence with the greatest readiness, and thus what is enforced in name is evaded in fact. It may well be questioned whether the immorality for which the excuse device alone is responsible does not outweigh the advantages of compulsory attendance, if indeed there are any. We submit: Can religion, forcibly

administered in weekly doses, convert the recalcitrant? Will he not rather, when free from compulsion, shun and ridicule the church itself? Can levity during the services, and mimicry and ridicule of them afterwards, develop reverence? Is it not true that freedom of choice is absolutely essential to right conduct? As we interpret the college regulations, they are not cast-iron rules, the product of surpassing wisdom, applicable to all classes and to all times. Conditions vary from decade to decade, and to those subject to the regulation, compulsory church attendance seems like a statute of the fathers which has thus far escaped revision.

With pleasure we announce the election of Mr. G. G. Furnel as business manager for next year, and as assistant manager for the remainder of this year.

BY THE WAY.

The death of Walt Whitman has removed one of the most unique characters known to American literature. For the most part, we either neglect him utterly, or give him but mediocre rank among our poets, though a few worshippers have established a Whitman cult. But abroad he is regarded as one of our foremost poets—owing to his marked individuality and originality. “Leaves of Grass” may perish, but the intense and beautiful lines “Captain, O My Captain!” deserve a high place among our masterpieces; and it seems strange, that with the revival of war anecdotes and songs, and especially those in any way connected with President Lincoln, these powerful verses are so often forgotten.

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What dogmatic statements, relative to literature and literary men, are sometimes made by men, who, questioned directly, would admit that they are not judges of literature! The other day, in a certain group the talk turned upon fiction, and a speaker, one of the best scholars in the senior class, remarked, “Well, Dickens’s works will be dead in seventy years;” and being asked for a reason replied, in effect, that Dickens’s ability lay only in his power of exaggeration; that his works partook of the nature of extravaganzas; and that when the generation to whom certain oddities were familiar had passed away, the fate of Dickens would be writ. The utterer of these remarks had read indifferently one or two of Dickens’s novels, heard some such comment, and, without intrinsic knowledge of the subject, destroyed the great novelist at one stroke. The pathos of “The Old Curiosity Shop,” the broad sympathy with, and comprehension of the virtue and feeling of, the “lower classes,” the intense admiration for true manliness or womanliness, whether in Sir Leicester Dedlock, Agnes Wickfield, Peggotty, or, yes, Martha, did not appeal to him.

In the interest of future classes, *BY THE WAY* asks if it is not possible to so change the elective in linguistics that it shall not conflict with any language. Students who are interested in languages must either go without any knowledge of the laws of philology, excepting such casual scraps as may be picked in a few, very few, of the language courses,—learn without instruction, forego a course in a language itself,—or else take double work. Now, Senior spring is a term when there is a multitude of outside duties to attend to, and no one likes to take any more work than he is absolutely obliged to. Gentlemen of the Faculty, do you consider a language training—even such smattering as we get in college—complete, without at least a course in linguistics? Cannot this be remedied by next year?

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A few numbers back, *BY THE WAY* spoke of verse; and now, for the benefit of contributors, speaks of prose. We do not want any less verse, but we want more and better prose. We want stories, sketches, literary articles. Do not begin your stories with a long description of the chain of events that led to your being at a certain place where a certain incident happened. Neither we nor our readers care about that. It is the story itself that is wanted. Do not try to work in too much detail: it crowds the field, and the characters, if they be numerous, obstruct each other. A multiplicity of minor incidents gives a forced effect. Use no involved sentences. Employ a simple, natural order. We want sketches—not mere enumeration of independent facts, but sketches full of grace and sympathy with, and an appreciation for, the beauties of nature.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

NIGHT.

Now is the reign of gloomy night.
Nature's voice is hushed and still ;
Like unto death with its black blight
Is earth, and dormant is her will.

A mournful sadness fills my breast,—
I cannot tell whence it has come ;
Children of night, in sables drest,
About me hover, drear and dumb.

O night ! what crimes thy veil doth hide,
How much of sadness has thy face ;
As if thou know 'st, but may not chide,
The wrongs committed with thy grace.

Nathan Bernstein.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

“This, ladies and gentlemen, is the rose-bush familiarly known as the Nellie Custis rose-bush. It is said that it was planted by the general's own hand, and that it was here that Colonel Lewis proposed for Miss Custis's hand and was accepted. It has been a commonly accepted tradition that a proposal of marriage received near this bush cannot be refused. Magic power in love affairs has been ascribed to it by even the superstitious negroes. You will now step this way.”

All this, uttered in the rapid and loud tones of a professional guide, did not tend to touch one's poetical nature ; and, as the party of tourists, hurrying and scurrying, pressed by me, I alone remained to imbibe at my leisure the poetry and beauty of the scene. On one hand was the venerable mansion of Mount Vernon, on the other were the gardens of the estate, and before me, shining and glistening in the sun, was the famous Potomac. It was winter. A thin sheet of ice covered the river, snow whitened the landscape, and just enough frost was in the air to render it exhilarating.

But I forgot my surroundings, and I dreamt and wove a network of romances about this rose-bush. Like a panorama, the scenes passed before my eyes. I saw the fatherly Washington superintending the planting. Now the beautiful summer

evening was renewed in my mind: the Potomac glimmering faintly in the moonlight; the garden all peaceful and quiet, except the chirp and hum of insects; from the servants' quarters came the wild melody of African song, mingled at times with the happy laughter of some merrymaker. Then Colonel Lewis walked there with his love, in the cool evening air. On his arm leaned the beautiful Nellie Custis; they halted by the side of the rose-bush. A cloud covered the moon and I could not see, but as it again emerged from the clouds he was pinning one of the roses in her hair, a rose scarcely more blushing than her fair face.

Here the negro lover would entice his dusky maiden, and in the fateful precinct of the rose-bush's perfume would gain the desired promise. On some dark, stormy night, a forlorn, forsaken negress would creep to the bush, and plucking a small twig, bear it triumphantly to her little white-washed cabin. This, placed under her pillow or worn about her person, would, she hoped, bring back her recreant lover.

But I was recalled from dreamland by the voice of a fair maiden of our party who cried to me, "You had better not stand there too long, or you will get left behind; and, besides, it's leap year, you know."

W. H. Rollins.

THE SUNDEW.

(Villanelle.)

Hiding from sight thy dainty head,
How dost thou know the sun is bright
Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed?

Yet thou art tinged with the sun's own red,
Tinged with the crimson sunset light;
Hiding from sight thy dainty head.

How modest thy beauty! How quickly fled!
Thou ope'st thy petals of tinted white,
Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed,

But e'er an hour of time is sped,
They are held in the clasp of an endless blight,
Hiding from sight thy dainty head.

Sweet, tender flower, from Heaven dew-fed!
Yet thine is not the dew of a night,
Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed;

Thine is the beauty an hour can shed,
Thine is the life of a moment of light;
Hiding from sight thy dainty head,
Down in thy cool, damp, mossy bed.

Edwin O. Grover.

A TRIP TO MOUNT KEARSARGE.

It was late in June. All nature appeared at its best, and the morning was more than typical, when a merry party of spirited lads and gushing lasses loaded themselves sportively into a four-seated carryall, and began to enjoy a hearty round of laughter and song as the double span of grays struck off at a rapid pace. We were on our way to Mount Kearsarge, to witness the sights of which we had so often read and heard. After a three hours ride in the bracing morning air, sweet with the perfumes of spring-time flowers, we arrived at Hotel Winslow, situated at the highest point accessible by carriage. Even then a full hour's climbing lay before us;—now, a stretch of slippery ledge; now, a cluster of almost impassable thickets; again, a steep aggregation of broken rocks; and away up yonder, the bald granite summit,—all these presented themselves to us as we started out. At short intervals we would stop and look back on the continually deepening chasm, while we wiped away the perspiration and recovered our breath. None too soon was the summit reached, where mountain breezes cooled our heated bodies, and charming views entranced the soul. Far to the north the hoary peaks of New England's queen mountains raised their lofty heads into the azure sky, and thence we traced the ravines which gave source to the winding Merrimack, as the lines of Whittier were repeated by our sage:

“O child of that white-crested mountain, whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings.”

The lake with its islands, pond after pond; hill-slopes, dotted with cosy farm-houses; and all along the river's banks, villages, whose white church-spires seemed to shoot into the air to attract our attention,—these, blended together in one harmony, presented a scene which would defy the masters to reproduce. Again the same author was quoted:

“Fair lakes embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!”

Still down the valley our enchanted vision wandered. Here, there, and away to the south we traced the course of the river by the successive clouds of smoke which hovered, like guardian angels, each over its own city. A distant chain there took up the picture and extended its irregular outline, beautifully painted on the western sky, until we seemed to be enclosed in a grand circle of hills and mountains, which, for the most part, were far below us. Above and beneath the two great worlds of beauty we stood, at a loss to know which to admire the more,—the snow-white clouds gently floating over our heads, or the picturesque landscape stretching about like some fabled Elysian domain. It is under such circumstances as these that the

mind is flooded with legend and story, or led, perchance, to the weirdest of fancies, and the soul seems to get some glimpse of its origin.

The day, before we were aware, was drawing to a close. The setting sun was lending its varied hues to the landscape. The crests of the hills were still bathed in its light, while shadows were collecting in the ravines and valleys below. In the enjoyment of an indescribable sense of delight, and a higher appreciation of the beautiful, we made our homeward journey.

John H. Bartlett.

MY EARLY HOME.

'T was here in life's bright cheery morn that I sported,
When nothing but sunshine illumined my way;
And here, like the wild, sportive fawn of the forest,
With the shadows of yon sylvan glade did I play.

With father and mother, and brother and sister,
How pleasant the thoughts of the years that we passed,
As they pass in review in the mind's panorama,
Like visions of dreamland, and vanish as fast.

And still gently fitting, those forms well remembered,
Sing over and over their magical lines;
And still floats the music in tenderest cadence,
And mingles its notes with the sighs of the pines.

S. E. Burroughs.

THE LEGEND OF SUNKEN POND.

In the south-western part of Maine there is a pond around which many Indian relics can be seen, and which is still called by its Indian name, Bauneg Beg. Several circular stone-hearths remain; and, when the water is low, a number of large stones can be seen, on which the Indians were wont to cross the river at the outlet of the pond.

The oldest inhabitants say that Sunken pond, as it is called, was cut off from the main part by floating brush and drift, and that the narrow strip of land which now separates the two ponds was once only a floating surface. It is a dreary place, completely surrounded by the forest. Even the singing of the birds flitting about in the trees sounds plaintive and gloomy. A covering of roots, moss, and other vegetable matter, which has been gathering for ages, extends several rods from the solid earth to the small space of water that now remains open. A great number of foxgloves and ferns rise above the thick bed of moss, and there are a few stunted spruces and bunches of blueberry-bushes scattered about. At every step one sinks

knee-deep in the soft moss, giving the peculiar feeling that at any moment he is liable to break through to the depths below.

Polly Allen, so runs the legend, was coming across the woods to visit a neighbor's daughter who lived on the lower side of the pond. She had reached a place where the pine and hemlock grew close together down to the very ground, when she looked on one side of the path and saw the glistening eyes of an Indian lurking in the underbrush not ten feet away. Giving a scream, she sprang forward, greatly frightened; her feet scarcely touched the ground as she made for the clearing, but all at once with a deathly feeling she remembered the Sunken pond. The path was over a mass of fallen brush, roots, moss, and ferns, which had from year to year pushed out and floated on the water until the two points had met, dividing the pond in two portions. By careful stepping, one could walk from hassock to hassock, on a few roots here, and a little brush there, and so get across the pond. She paused an instant to see if the Indian was coming. He was close upon her, with tomahawk in hand and arms and hair flying. Death seemed certain. The Indian behind her, a fathomless pit before, it was only an instant. She fairly flew across that narrow path full of treacherous holes, springing from hassock to hassock. So close the Indian seemed, that she could hear the panting of his breath, and in imagination felt the tomahawk raised to strike. But all at once there was a splash and a howl. The treacherous path had done its work. She looked back. The water, which a few minutes before was so calm and placid, was now in a wild commotion. Polly was safe, for the Indian had settled to his last resting-place in the unknown depths.

The waves as they settled back to the shore, the distant cry of some wild bird, were all that broke the awful silence. She gathered all at a glance, and fell exhausted on the opposite bank. From that day to this no living thing inhabits that water, no creature drinks it but to die, and it has ever since been of a dark "copper color."

A. G. Randall.

CRAYON BLEU.

Ben Jonson's Teneber. Schelling. Boston: Ginn & Co.

A book all should own, presenting as it does some of the best things of the ponderous and stately Elizabethan.

Rasselas. Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

One of the most beautiful of the many beautiful Knickerbocker Nuggets, and one whose ore would certainly repay new investigations in the form presented.

Wells of English. Isaac Basset Choate. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers.

The great names of English literature are known to nearly every one, but the throng of writers who were their contemporaries, of lesser note but possessing in some respects almost equal merit, are usually passed by with but little attention. Some of the most beautiful things in our books were written by authors living in the by-ways of literature, whose quaint names and old-world lives, together with some of their best thoughts, Mr. Choate has presented to the reading public in the charming series of essays whose title is given above.

Abraham Lincoln, by Carl Schurz. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is the widely read essay, first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which presents in convenient form the salient features of the bulky Nicolay and Hay history, and is the most valuable of the works on the great president. The book is beautifully gotten up, and should be on every study-table.

Walter Savage Landor. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A beautiful little book; being a carefully written and exhaustive treatise on the poet whose personality was so attractive that Lowell devoted one of his most charming essays to it, by the holder of a Princeton Fellowship, and which shows the care and thoroughness with which specialized work is being done in some of our universities.

Hamlet, edited by Carrol Lewis Maxey. Boston: Ginn & Co., publishers.

This edition is eminently adapted to class-room work, being presented in a neat and business-like form, with cloth covers, good paper, and excellent text, accompanied with a list of the more familiar lines of the play and a scheme of questions.

Madam Thérèse. Boston: Ginn & Co., publishers.

An excellent edition of one of Erckmann-Chatrian's best stories; a story well adapted for reading in class, as well by its value as literature as by the drill presented by its text.

French Fairy Tales. Joynes. Boston, New York, Chicago: D. C. Heath & Co., publishers. 35 cents.

A convenient and interesting book to place in the hands of beginners in French, having a vocabulary, notes, and table of irregular verbs, and containing some of the daintiest of the famous French fairy stories.

Scribner's contains another chapter of the exceedingly amusing "Reflections of a Married Man," and some more revelations in the serial of the mysterious "Wrecker;" while the opening papers of what bid fair to become one of the most notable periodical series of the year, that in "The Poor in Great Cities," opens the number with the title "The Social Awakening in London."

The *Atlantic* has as introduction, a practical paper by William Henry Bishop, on the expense of living abroad for an American; and among other features a peculiar psychological story by Henry James, and an article on Farragut by Edward Kirk Rawson.

The *Century* has not arrived at the time of writing.

EXCHANGES.

Our first year of editorial work draws toward the close. Seven ninths of the work is completed, and we recall with a smile how eagerly we perused the first numbers of exchanges which were put into our hands for perusal, and how our interest gradually waned from month to month. Now we flatter ourselves that it would not be an impossible feat to write out Exchanges without opening a cover. Yet our interest revives as we open the *Vassar Miscellany* and give it a careful perusal. Comprising the work of both the literary and the weekly, the former predominates to a charming extent. The editorials, for instance, while to some extent gossiping on college matters, have, as a rule, the characteristic tone of the literary.

Suppose our ignorance so great that we did not know that Vassar were a college for women, we should be immediately undeceived on perusal of the *Miscellany* for March. Who but a woman, with her fine analytical intellect and feminine tenacity of recollection, could recall so many "Memoirs of Childhood," and dissect the impulses and moral aptitudes of that period with such discriminating judgment? Should we fail perchance to recognize fully the dainty finger-touch of that article, we surely could be in doubt no longer after turning a few pages to "The New England Kitchen." Surely such an article shows full well the absurdity of the sentiment that a college education for girls tends to disparage their domestic culture. This is indeed the age of scientific application, and if the college literary magazine is, as it ought to be, a safe criterion by which to judge of the student, no man need fear that he will have to recall with a sigh how well his mother could manage the household, after he is settled in domestic bliss with a Vassar girl for a life companion. "Van Delft's Decision" seems to stretch nature a little. We think there are few men in the world who would prefer to tell abhorrent truth to the destruction of a sister, when a slight prevarication would harm no one and would save her life. Van Delft, we fear, could never have spent four years in college.

The *Williams Lit.* contains two entertaining sketches, and instead of the usually large number of stories, has one which in quality comes very near making up for what the number lacks in quantity. The characters and scenic descriptions in "Whaleboat Shoal" are excellent. The story is the best that *Williams* has had for a long time, and keeps up a lively expectation throughout. We have evidence again of the inclination on the part of the college to follow the outer world. The short-story age in literature makes wonderful developments. Richard Harding Davis, Hamlin Garland, Rudyard Kipling, and others of our short-story writers, have ingeniously devised innumerable plots and characters for the interest of the reader, and in "Custer" we find a strong resemblance to that famous story "Hector," by H. C. Bunner. In fact the very titles are harmonious, both in sound and in being each the name of a member of the canine family; and so throughout there is intended to be the same general vein of humor and the same lively description, though without the serious climax at the end.

The idea of introducing a dog as the prominent character in a short sketch, is highly

entertaining when well written ; and in this case, too, we are all the more interested from the fact that "the other hero" is a college man.

Samples of verse :

ON A FLY-LEAF.

Ah, dainty little volume, richly bound
 In gold and white, with scented leaves profuse
 With thin-lined etchings—and you think I'd wound
 Thy feelings—mar thy sweetness with my use ?
 My gentlest touch were but abuse ! Ah, so,—
 I'll send thee to a certain One I know ;
 But hark now, little volume, I command,
 Beware lest thou should'st soil her dainty hand.

Nassau Lit.

MY LOVE, SHE'S LIKE A TULIP BRIGHT.

My love, she's like a tulip bright :
 Her head, a blossom poised in place,
 Rests daintily on shoulders light ;
 While slender form and lovely face
 Surpass the waving flower in grace.

My love, she's like a poppy rare :
 There's slumb'rous magic in her eyes,
 There's subtle fragrance in her hair ;
 And, like the flower, her blush outvies
 The charm of beauty's guise.

But, best of all, what flowers have not,
 A beauty dearer far to me
 Is that sweet spirit without blot,
 The woman's soul, whose purity
 Is fairer than all flowers that be.

Williams Lit.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor, will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts Alumni Association was held recently at the Quincy House, Boston, the president, Mr. E. Whittemore, presiding. About thirty members were present. The election of officers resulted in the following choice: President, E. Whittemore; vice-presidents, J. G. Henry, F. P. Comings, J. G. Sargeant, F. A. Davis, E. P. Dewey; secretary and treasurer, J. Warren Smith; corresponding secretary, C. A. Hubbard; executive committee, A. H. Woods, H. G. Davis, H. L. Barnard.

The removal of the college from Hanover to Durham, and the proposed election of a trustee from the association, were discussed at length. After the business meeting the members proceeded to the banquet-hall, escorting the guests of the occasion,—ex-Gov. Fred-eric Smythe, of New Hampshire, Hon. L. D. Stevens, president of the college, and Hon. Warren Brown and Hon. S. B. Whittemore, of the board of trustees. The newly elected president, M. E. Whittemore, presided over the festivities, which were of a purely social and informal character. Speeches were made by the guests and officers, and reminiscences of the alma mater were exchanged. A vocal and instrumental entertainment was interspersed between the speeches. Next year's gathering will be held at Durham, in the spring.

The recent death of Mrs. Caroline Young Haddock, widow of Charles B. Haddock, D. D., '16, for thirty-one years Professor of Rhetoric and Philosophy, though not strictly belonging to this department, seems worthy of notice. Prof. Haddock was for five years United States *chargé d'affaires* in Portugal, having received his appointment in the administration of Franklin Pierce.

At the first annual meeting and banquet of the Southern New Hampshire Bar Association, held at Manchester March 4, David Cross '41 was elected president; Wm. L. Foster '85 hon. and Edward S. Cutter '44 were elected vice-presidents; Arthur H. Chase '86, secretary and treasurer; John P. Bartlett '64, Charles H. Burns '74 hon., Frank S. Streeter '74, David Cross, and Arthur H. Chase, executive committee. After the election, a poem was read by Hon. E. E. Parker '69, of Nashua. During the post-prandial exercises, Charles H. Burns responded to the "Southern Bar Association;" John J. Bell '64 hon., "Rockingham County Bar;" Daniel Hall '54, "The Bench and Bar;" Henry E. Burnham '65, "The Ideal Lawyer;" Alvin Burleigh '71, "The Grafton and Coös Bar Association;" John P. Bartlett, "Our Clients;" and Prof. J. F. Colby, "Dartmouth College."

The advertising manual of a Boston teachers' agency furnishes the names of the following Dartmouth men holding school superintendencies in New England: In Massachusetts,—agent state board, A. W. Edson '78, Worcester; superintendents, S. W. Mason '49 (supervisor), Boston; E. W. Howe '64, Brookfield and North Brookfield; E. H. Davis '61, Chelsea; W. E. Chaffin '86 C. S. S., Dennis and Chatham; J. G. Edgerly '67, Fitchburg; Freeman Putney '73, Gloucester; A. L. Bartlett '72, Haverhill; J. G. Thompson '86, Leominster; A. K. Whitcomb '73, Lowell; E. H. Watson '84, Marshfield, Sictuate, and Duxbury; G. I. Aldrich '75, Newton; J. T. Clark '58, Southbridge; E. J. Edmands '86 C. S. S., Templeton, Phillipston, Hubbardston, Royalston; Henry Whittemore '66, Waltham; G. H. Danforth '80, Westfield; J. S. Moulton '73, Westford and Stow. In New Hampshire,—state superintendent, J. W. Patterson '48, Hanover; superintendents, L. J. Rundlett '81, Concord; Channing Folsom '70, non-grad., Dover. In Vermont,—state superintendent, E. F. Palmer '62, Waterbury. In Connecticut,—superintendents, W. H. Angleton '81, Ansonia; E. C. Willard '83, Stamford.

'34. Ex-Gov. Moody Currier, of Manchester, N. H., has resigned his position as president of the Amoskeag Bank of that city, after a continuous service of almost 44 years in that office, and previously in that of cashier.

'39. Mr. Nehemiah Chase Berry was killed in Boston, at the Harvard Street crossing of the New York & New England Railroad, Saturday, March 19. He had reached the age of eighty years, and was so deaf as not to hear the train, which was the cause of the accident. Mr. Berry was born in Pittsfield, N. H., educated himself at Pittsfield academy (N. H.), and, after graduation from Dartmouth, taught school in Randolph, Mass., for some years, till his admission to the Norfolk County bar in 1847. Opening an office in Boston in 1850, his practice became steady and large, and continued up to his retirement, in December, 1891. He was considered an authority in cases relating to real estate and probate, and a book from his pen, on "Answers and Pleadings in Actions of Law," is a valuable contribution to the literature of the profession. He leaves a widow, son, and two daughters.

'42. De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston, have issued a new edition, with supplement, of "Among the Theologies," by Hiram Orcutt, LL. D., manager of the New England Teachers' Agency. The first edition appeared three years ago, and has had a wide sale, receiving favorable comment from both literary critics and theological authorities.

'43. Col. Bradbury Poore Cilley, of Manchester, N. H., died on Tuesday. He was born January 2, 1824, at Nottingham, and was a grandson of Gen. Joseph Cilley and Gen. Enoch Poore, of Revolutionary fame. He studied law with the late Judge Daniel Clark, and has been in continuous practice in Manchester since 1845. Col. Cilley took a prominent part in several murder trials, notably in the prosecution of the Wentworth brothers for the murder of Jonas Parker. He was post-master under Johnson's administration. A widow and one daughter survive him.

'43, '46 D. M. C. Dr. Leonard French, one of the oldest and best known physicians of Manchester, died recently at his home in that city. Dr. French was a native of the town of Bedford, born Nov. 11, 1817. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the famous class of 1843, and from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1846. The following year he located in practice in Ashley, Mass., soon removing to Fitchburg. In 1861 he went to Manchester, where he afterward remained, establishing a successful practice, and gaining a high reputation in his profession and a prominent place in the community.

'44. Rev. Thomas Wilson, who for fifteen years has been pastor of the Congregational church at Eaton, N. Y., has resigned, and severs his connection with the church July 1. He has been in the ministry forty-five years.

'46. Died in Stockton, California, January 24, 1892, Joseph Mills Cavis, aged 66 years. Judge Cavis was born in Hopkinton in 1825. Immediately after graduating he entered a law office in Manchester, completed his law studies in Troy, N. Y., and was admitted to the New York bar in 1848. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1849, and opened an office in Holyoke, where he practised successfully for four years. In 1852 he sailed for California, opened a broker's office in San Francisco, and engaged also in mining operations, which proved profitable. In 1856 he resumed the practice of his profession in Columbia (sixty miles from Stockton), Cal., and afterwards established himself permanently in Stockton, where he promptly attained an assured and excellent position. He was twice elected to the state senate, serving for six years as district judge, and in 1879 was candidate for lieutenant-governor of the state.

'48. Ex-Senator James W. Patterson responded to the sentiment "New Hampshire," at a banquet given by the Concord Commercial Club to the State Board of Trade, on the evening of March 1. Hon. John C. Linehan '88 hon., of Penacook, was toast-master on that occasion. Hon. George A. Marden '61, of Lowell, Mass., and John L. Spring '75 hon., of Lebanon, presented addresses. Mr. Spring also spoke in the afternoon session of the Board of Trade, on improvements in summer resorts.

'50. Judge Lewis W. Clark, of the New Hampshire supreme court, has been chosen president of the new Rescue Mission at Manchester.

'54. Rev. S. L. B. Speare, who recently resigned his pastorate in Minneapolis, can be addressed in care of Alden Speare's Sons & Co., Boston.

'55. Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, has been appointed one of the directors of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington, D. C.

'59. Prof. Luther T. Townsend, of the Boston University, will preach at the meeting of the Maine Methodist Conference in Augusta, April 13.

'60. F. P. Bancroft, LL. D., recently delivered an address before the Boston ministers' meeting, on the subject, "What ought Congregationalists to do now for Education?" At the same meeting, G. A. Gates '73, president of Iowa college, earnestly set forth the claims of Western colleges.

'61. Hon. Henry M. Putney '61 (chairman) and Hon. Frank N. Parsons '74 are members of a committee to prepare and report a platform for the next N. H. Republican state convention.

'61. H. J. Crippen has been reelected to the presidency of the Concord Piano Co.

'64. Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrows, formerly pastor of the First Congregational church, San Francisco, has become hopelessly insane, and has been taken to the asylum at Worcester, Mass.

'65. Hon. Luther Sullivan Morrill died in Concord, March 18, aged 47. He was a native of Concord, was graduated in 1865, was assistant clerk of the state senate in 1869, clerk in 1870 and 1871, and clerk of the court for Merrimack county from 1869 to 1882. Mr. Morrill was also an associate justice of the Concord police court for several years, and a member of the legislature in 1887. A widow and two children survive him.

'67. Hon. Walter H. Sanborn has been nominated by President Harrison as one of the judges of the U. S. circuit court.

'70. The report of the Cheshire County (N. H.) teachers' meeting at Keene, in February, mentions addresses by L. S. Hastings '70 of Nashua, Dr. George Cook '69 D. M. C., John I. Buck '89 of Hanover, George I. Aldrich '75 of Newton, Mass., and Charles C. Rounds '57 C. S. S. of the State Normal School.

'70. Eugene O. Locke, of Key West, Fla., was elected Most Worthy Grand Master of the Florida Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., at the meeting in March. The home lodge tendered him an ovation on his return to Key West.

'70. The Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, bishop of Idaho and Wyoming, gave a valuable lecture in the Old Chapel, March 25, upon "Scenes and Sketches in the Far West." Mr. Talbot's manner and conversation explain his remarkable success in advancing the cause of the church,—a hearty enthusiasm and an irresistible personal magnetism.

'71 C. S. S. Randolph McNutt, who has been in business in Chicago for a year, has returned to Buffalo, N. Y., and has resumed his old position as agent of the Andrews Manufacturing Company.

'73. David A. Morrill has recently been elected Professor of Chemistry and Biology in Hamilton college, Clinton, N. Y.

'73-'77 D. M. C. The annual meeting of the People's Prohibitory Enforcement League, of Maine, was held in Augusta, January 28. President John C. Stewart delivered an address, stating clearly the position and aims of that organization, and the importance of the field it attempts to cover. The address has been published in a thirty-six-page pamphlet.

'73. Rev. John M. Dutton, late of Great Falls, N. H., was installed pastor of the Congregational church of Newtonville, Mass., January 27.

'74. Dr. C. E. Quimby is one of the board of government of the Alpha Delta Phi club in New York.

'74. Rev. Albert F. Newman, recently pastor of the Union Congregational church at Marlboro', Mass., has been installed pastor of the Rochester Avenue Congregational church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'77 C. S. S. Fred B. Scribner, M. D., died at Wallingford, Vt., February 21, of paralysis.

'77. The Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Mutual Insurance Company, of Concord, has elected Edward G. Leach president.

'78. Rev. T. C. Bouton, of Hopkinton, has recently recovered from a prolonged illness.

'78. Rev. E. M. Vittum has accepted the pastorate of a large and growing church in Grinnell, Iowa.

'78. Married, in Amesbury, Mass., September 30, 1891, by Rev. Howard F. Hill, Ph. D. '67, Edward H. Rowell, of Amesbury, and Mrs. Myra Stackpole Atwood, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Rowell are now travelling in California.

At a Board of Trade banquet at Amesbury, Mass., March 9, State Treasurer G. A. Marden '61, Rev. H. F. Hill '67, and Speaker W. E. Barrett '80 were among the speakers.

'83. Superintendent of Schools Everett C. Willard, of Stamford, Ct., has successfully introduced a cooking-school among the other branches of education, and its results are praised by the local press. Prof. Willard recently gave an address to the teachers of the town on "Morals in Public Schools." That he is not a pessimist in his views of this matter is shown by the following extract:

"This old world has not achieved the remarkable physical and intellectual prosperity of the nineteenth century, and stood still or retrograded morally. To claim this, involves a belief that the mightiest of all forces that ever wrought among men,—that mighty tide, Christianity, that has been swelling to its flood for nineteen hundred years,—is ebbing. It will never ebb. We are not living in an age of perfect attainments, nor of final results, although we are gathering the ripe fruit in a hundred-fold of our fathers' sowing.

"Yesterday was not the best day of the Christian centuries; to-day enjoys that distinction; but its laurel wreath will rest upon the brow of to-morrow, and yet another to-morrow."

'84. James D. Horne, principal of the Brattleboro (Vt.) high school, presented a paper before the Vermont State Teachers' Convention, in session at Brattleboro in February. Prof. George I. Aldrich, superintendent of schools in Newton, Mass., also read a paper, and Principal J. C. Simpson, of Bellows Falls, made an interesting address upon "Education on its Moral Side." Joseph H. Dunbar, principal of the West Lebanon high school, read a paper on "Word Learning, and Learning to Read," and also gave an informal talk upon astronomy.

'84 D. M. C. Lowell F. Wentworth, M. D., now first assistant at the insane asylum at Topeka, Kan., has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the state insane asylum at Ossawatimie, Kan.

'84 N. H. C. A. F. C. Davis was admitted to the Vermont bar in October, 1891. He resides in Springfield, Vt., and is attorney and clerk of the Black River Railroad Company.

'86. Prof. Arthur Fairbanks has been chosen as lecturer in the Department of Social Science and the Philosophy of Religion in the Yale Divinity School, and has accepted the position, thus removing from the Dartmouth faculty a man of rare scholarly ability. Prof. Fairbanks graduated from St. Johnsbury academy in 1882, and from Dartmouth in 1886, as the valedictorian of his class, and having received in course more and greater honors than have been given to any man in the history of the institution,—honorable mention in Greek, Latin, mathematics, physics and chemistry and astronomy, English philosophy and political science, and final honors *cum laude* in both Greek and physics. During the six years since his graduation Prof. Fairbanks has been successively tutor in Greek at Dartmouth, a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York city, and in the Yale Divinity School, and in the universities of Berlin and Freiburg, Germany. From the latter university he received the degree Ph. D. *summa cum laude* in July, 1890, and was at once appointed tutor in Greek at Dartmouth. During 1891-'92 he has been Assistant Professor of German and Instructor in Logic. In January, 1892, Prof. Fairbanks was ordained to the ministry at the Congregational church in St. Johnsbury. He was the author of the article, "Present Tendencies in German Philosophy," published in the *New Englander* in April, 1891, and of "The Ethical Teaching of Sophocles," in the *International Journal of Ethics*, in October, 1891.

'86. Rev. A. H. Armes, of Londonderry, has accepted a call to the Congregational church at Franconia.

'87. Mr. Edwin B. Frost, instructor in the Potsdam (Germany) Astro-Physical Observatory, has discovered that the new star *Chi Auriga* is a double one. This discovery is of great interest to astronomers everywhere. It would give great satisfaction to both undergraduates and alumni to see Dartmouth's vacant chair of astronomy filled by Mr. Frost. His address is 4 Am Brauhausberg, Potsdam, bei Berlin.

'88. Wm. B. Forbush was ordained to the Congregational ministry, at Wantagh, L. I., February 17. Rev. Dr. L. H. Cobb '54, of New York city, Forbush's former pastor at Springfield, Vt., was moderator of the council, and preached the sermon. He will graduate from Union Theological Seminary in May, and will remain for another year acting pastor of the church at Wantagh.

'88. J. C. Simpson, principal of the Bellows Falls (Vt.) high school, has been elected superintendent of schools at Portsmouth, at a salary of \$1,600.

'89. In the current catalogue of Andover Theological Seminary we find ten Dartmouth names, a number exceeded only by Amherst and Williams. The men are as follows: Senior class, E. B. Blanchard '89; Middle class, E. D. Blanchard '90, David Kilburn '79, H. N. Pringle '90, C. F. Robinson '90, F. E. Winn '87; Junior class, S. C. Bartlett, Jr., '87, E. T. Blake '88, B. S. Gilman '91, F. L. Whipple '85.

'90. William E. Reed has been ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Avoca, Iowa.

'90 C. S. S. Daniel B. Ruggles published an article in the *Boston Post* of March 26 on the Almy case, showing a new trial to be unnecessary, and bringing abundant precedent in proof of the same.

'91. Irving A. Hazen has so creditably filled his position as assistant in the Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, as to be offered an increase of salary for another year.

THE CHRONICLE.

March 2. Speakers in old chapel exercises: J. L. Hildreth, Jr., Massachusetts, subject, "Lowell in Nature," and J. S. Brown, New Hampshire, subject, "The Republic of Brazil."

—4. The sixth entertainment of the lecture course in the gymnasium, by George Kennan, on "Mountains and Mountaineers of the Caucasus."

—5. The seventh entertainment of the lecture course, by George Kennan, on "An East Siberian Convict Mine."

—9. Speakers in old chapel exercises: F. L. Berry, New Hampshire, subject, "The age of Engineering," and W. S. Thompson, New Hampshire, subject, "Noted Englishmen."

—10. Glee Club concert.

—11. Prof. C. F. Richardson's talk to a number of the students on the Handel Musical Society.

—12. Meeting of the class of '94. Junior honors awarded.

—15. Papers signed for the purchase, on the part of the college, of the property of N. H. C. A. M. A.

—16. Speakers in old chapel exercises: W. T. Gunnison, New Hampshire, subject, "The Recent War with Chili," N. Bernstein, Nebraska, subject, "Fiction."

—19. A. A. Stagg, Yale's great athlete, delivers his lecture on "The Modern Athlete," under the auspices of the athletic association.

—20. Rev. W. D. P. Bliss speaks in the Episcopal church on "The Christian Social Union."

—23. Speakers in old chapel exercises; J. M. Barton, New Hampshire, subject, "The Negro," and C. H. Noyes, New Hampshire, subject, "The Silver Question."

Prize-speaking in the societies. Prizes were awarded in order of names as follows: Psi Upsilon, C. M. Lamprey '92, Massachusetts, F. A. Bushee '94, Rhode Island, A. D. Salinger '92, New Hampshire; Kappa Kappa Kappa, S. E. Burroughs '94, New Hampshire, F. S. Martyn '94, Vermont, W. V. McDuffee '92, Vermont; Alpha Delta Phi, E. H. Safford '94, Maine, G. E. Duffy '94, New Hampshire, C. W. McKay '93, New York; Delta Kappa Epsilon, Quincy Blakely '94, New Hampshire, J. M. Norton '92, Vermont, F. W. Hodgdon '94, Massachusetts, F. P. Reed '92, Nebraska; Theta Delta Chi, F. C. Allen '94, Rhode Island, W. C. Belknap '92, Vermont, H. C. Allen '92, Vermont; Phi Delta Theta, E. O. Grover '94, Vermont, A. O. Caswell '93, Massachusetts, H. C. Sanborn '95, Massachusetts; Phi Zeta Mu, H. B. Metcalf '93, New Hampshire, E. W. Boyd '94, New Hampshire, E. B. McDuffee '92, Vermont; Beta Theta Pi, Burdette '95, C. L. Weeks '92, Massachusetts, W. B. Earl '92, Massachusetts.

—25. Bishop Talbot, Dartmouth, '71, lectures in the old chapel on "Sketches of the Far West," the eighth and last entertainment of the lecture course.

—26. Second annual in-door athletic meet in the gymnasium.

—27. Rev. Mr. Gordon, missionary to Japan, speaks in the college church.

—30. Speakers in old chapel exercises: W. R. P. Emerson, New Hampshire, subject, "Old Age," H. E. Andrews, New Hampshire, subject, "The Slave Trade."

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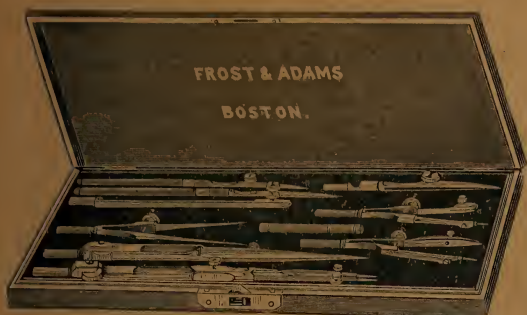
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